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This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the assassination in 1610 of Henry IV. of France, the famous soldier and states man. He was stabbed by a fanatic, Ravailloc, after a premonition that he was going to be killed. To Henry, IV. France owed the religious toleration granted to the

A Clever Story by a THE LOVE GAMBLER

David Takes His Orders as Chauffeur from Desiree Leighton and Finds in Her Beauty Cause For Reflection.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. DROMPTLY at the hour named by Samuel Leighten, David Smith DeLaine presented himself at the door of his new em-

His ring was answered by a neat parlor mald, who looked at him inquiringly.

"I am here for my orders from Miss Leighton," the man said. The girl's exclamation of bewil-

derment awoke David to the disconcerting appreciation that she mistook him for a caller, "I am the new chauffeur," he explained quickly, "Mr. Leighton directed me to report for orders this

morning." "Oh-yes. sir -I mean all right? I'll tell Miss Leighton. Step inside, please. She made as though she would have shown him into the drawing-

room, but he forestalled this by remarking-"I will wait here in the He remained standing when she went apstairs. He was tempted to laugh at the position in which he found himself. He glanced down ruefully at his well-fitting clothes and at his new hat. He remembered how he had seen chauffeurs and

cabmen twist their bats about in their hands. He would follow their example when talking to the young lady of the house. He must watch his speech and show the deference proper from a hireling to the daugher of his employer A footfall on the broad stairs made him glance up. Miss Leighton

was descending She came down lightly, but not rapidly, and he had time to take in details of her appearance before she met his gaze,

He saw that she was slender and graceful, that she had the dark coloring and delicate features inherited, he supposed, from * her French mother. He recollected in that instant that his aunt had told him that her own French forbears came from the part of France from which Desiree's mother had come. DeLaine, in spite of his own French blood, was fair, like his American father. But this girl did not look like Samuel Leighton.

Rather Embarrassed.

These thoughts flashed through his mind even while he was noting the dainty violet-colored negligee of silk and lace, caught at throat and waist by tiny knots of artificial

As she saw the man waiting for her, Desiree came forward in a business-like way. Then, looking full at him, she hesitated. "Ob-there must be some mistake-I mean-I understood my

maid to say that the new chauf-She stopped, blushing with confusion. Evidently his appearance had made the same impression upon the mistress that it had upon

the maid: DeLaine hastened to relieve her mind. "Yes, Madam"--(he could not bring himself to say "ma'am" -I am Smith, the new chauffeur. Mr. Leighton ordered me to report to you at 11 o'clock.' "Oh, yes!" she looked relieved. but David could see that she was still puzzled. "Then you are Smith. That is all right. Won't you"-

she hesitated-"perhaps you will step in here-into the librarywhile I talk to you." It made her uncomfortable to have this man standing like an ordinary servant in the hall. De-Laine understood that he must try to correct her first idea of him if he would keep his secret safe. As she went into the library, he stood

to one side, then following her, remained just inside the door his eyes downcast, twisting his hat around and around in his hands. The girl herself did not sit down. "My father has, of course, told

you what your duties will be,' "He gave me to understand that I would receive my orders from you, (Supely that sounded more ser-

vile than anything else he had "Yes," she rejoined briskly, "except when Mr. Leighton needs you himself. There are times when you will drive down to his office for "Yes, miss,"

She Gives Her Orders. "But we can arrange all those details later," she said, plainly anxious to end the interview. "Let me see," with a glance at the clock on the mantel-shelf, "it is just five minutes past eleven now. I would like you-I mean I want you to

have the limousine here for 11:45. I have some shopping to do this morning. My fa-Mr. Leighton told you at what garage we keep the

"Yes, miss. "Very well. I shall expect you at a quarter to twelve." He stepped backward from the room as she gave him a little nod of -dismissal, but not before her eyes had rested on his hat. She started as if to speak, then thought better of it.

"She knows this to be a queer kind f a hat for a chauffeur to wear," David reflected as he went down the front steps, "I must stop somewhere and get something that looks less like a gentleman's tile than this does.

"Of course I will have to wear livery later, and equally, of course, my boss will not want to order that until he receives my recommendations. One does not lavish a good livery as a chauffeur who is only on probation. Now I must look up a hat store and get some commonlooking thing to cover my head." He had bought a cap, and was on the way to the garage when he muttered another comment. "Gee! But Miss Leighton's a

stonner all right! "I wonder if she really is that girl that Aunt Jeanne picked out for me. If so, the dear old lady showed better taste than I gave her credit for. Aunt Jeanne's girl's name was Desiree-a pretty name, too. It would suit my new employer's daughter rather well." To Be Continued.

Puss in Boots, Jr.

S soon as Puss Junior and Tom 1 Thumb had knocked upon the front door of the pretty little cottage it was opened by a little yellow hen, who bowed and invited them in. By the light of the big open fire Puss Junior could see a little old man sitting at the farther end of the room. He was eating his supper, but on hearing the door open asked in a thick, cracked voice, "Who is it?"

"Puss in Boots, Junior and Tom Thumb, Esq.," replied our two small travelers. And then the little hen led them over to the table and said: "Grandfather, you see before you

two famous characters." "Sit down, my friends, and sup with me," said the little old man, and as this was just what Puss and Tom most desired at that moment they did as they were bid, and presently they were enjoying a most delicious meal. Pretty soon the little old man said:

"I have a little hen, the prettiest ever seen; She washes me the dishes and keeps the house clean:

She goes to the mill to fetch me some flour, She brings it home in less than an

She bakes me my bread, she brews

She sits by the fire and tells many

me my ale,

a fine tale." "What kind of stories does she tell?" asked Tom Thumb, crossing his small legs and gazing into the fire, for he felt very comfortable just then, with a fine supper under

his waistcoat. "Well, one of her stories," said the little old man, drawing his chair up to the fire and sitting down between Puss Junior and Tom Thumb, "is about the giant and the beanstalk. She's the little hen that laid the golden eggs for the giant, you

And when he heard this Puss Junior jumped to his feet and ran over the little len, who was busy clearing the supper table. "Don't you remember me?" he said. And the little hen replied: "Of course. I do. I have never forgotten

what you did for me at the giant's "And I shan't forgot how you met me at the top of the beanstalk and showed me the way to his castle,"

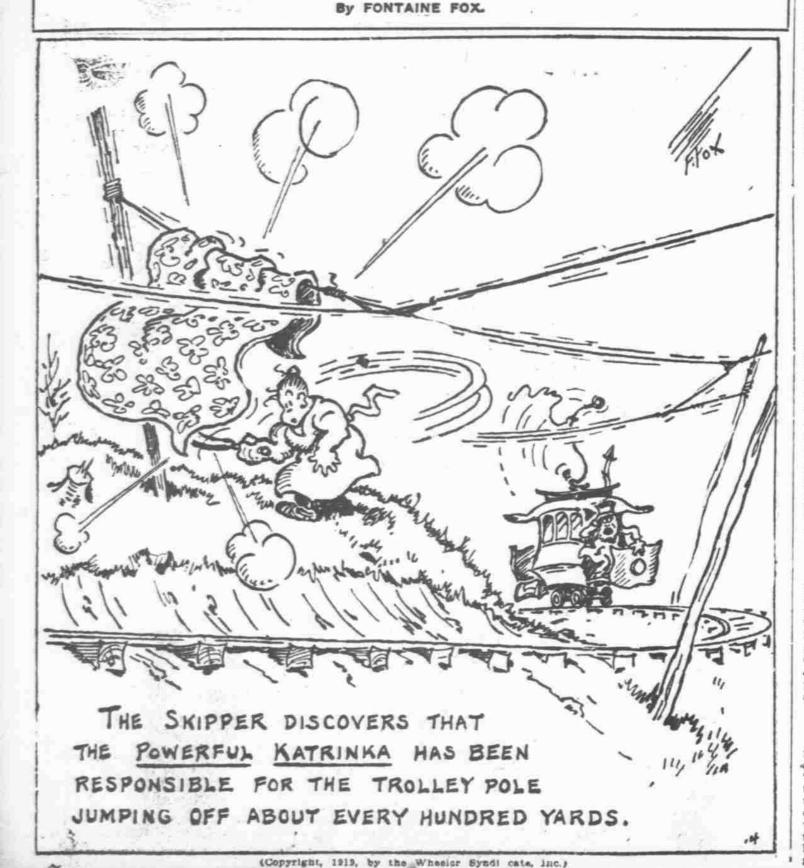
replied Puss. "Come, come," cried the little old man, "leave the supper dishes, you two. Come over to the fire and let us hear Puss Junior tell the story of Jack and the Beanstalk." So they all sat down and waited for Puss to commence. And next time you shall hear what Puss told

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A Woman's Way.

"Men are always late! I have waited here since 7 o'clock for my husband and it is now 8:30." "And when were you to meet him?" "At

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains.



Here's the New Glycerine Feather "The Dark Star" It Has the Decorative Charm and the Gentle Sweep of the Weeping Willow



Advice to the Lovelorn

A Conceited Young Man.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am in love with a young man whom I know to be conceited, and I have tried many times to become ac-quainted with him, but have not secceeded. Could you tell me how, as I have not spoken to him? He vexes me sometimes by his looks and his manner toward me-I always find him staring

I wonder if you do not give this young man cause to stare at you, as you appear to have him so acutely on your mind. You complain that he is conceited, and at the same time you would like to know him. Would you really enjoy meeting a conceited young man? The only way to become introduced to a young man properly is to have some one acquainted with both make the introduction.

Of Pleasing Personality.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a young lady of good character and pleasing personality. I am very nice to people I meet. Although I have gone out with many young men. still I have not as yet met any I could love. The young men I go out with see me once or twice, and then drop off for no reason at all, therefore I am writing to you to please advise me writing to you to please advise me what the trouble may be, as I am sure I treat them the best I know how, but do not succeed in my enterprise.

JUNE K.

I wonder if you do not carry that pleasing personality of yours a litle bit too far, my dear June K. please is even more disconcerting than too little, as it injects the quality of tension into the atmosphere, and keeps one's friends from celing comfortable and at ease. This may not be the trouble, however. Why not try and take a sympathetic interest in subjects that concern your friends. Most men like to talk if they are assured in advance of a good listener; any woman can be a good listener.

Practical Economy.

An old couple who used to buy a quart of ale every night were persuaded by a friend to purchase a small barrel on economical grounds. The evening that the barrel was broached, and the first quart consumed, the old wife said, "Well, George, we've saved something on our ale tonight." "That's so," replied her husband. "Let's have another quart and save some more."

Natural Growth.

An altercation arose between a farmer and a so-called expert in agriculture. "Sir," said the expert. "do you realize that I have been at two universities, one in this country and one in Germany?" "What of that?" demanded the farmer, with a faint smile. "I had a calf nursed by two cows, and the more he was nursed the greater calf he

Reading the Character A FAILURE AS A BUSINESS PLAN

By Eleanor Gilbert.

CORRESPONDENT asks me about courses in character reading and asks if there is such a thing as a reliable book on palmistry?

Character reading and palmistry are not exactly in the same category. Possibly several of the exponents of character reading would be much incensed if one classified their theories with palmistry or phrenology.

Palmistry as a source of innocent amusement may be recommended highly, and there are any number of reliable books on the subject at any book store. But I hope that my correspondent does not intend using the information thus acquired in any serious plan. There is a certain school of busi-

ness men and women who have made a study of phrenology as a basis of character reading and determining the fitness of an applicant for a certain job. A man is a nervous brunette, therefore, he will make a good salesman; or he has a cast in his eye, therefore he is not honest. This form of reasoning is not exaggerated. There are many people who have picked up superficial theories along physiological lines who actually try to apply such rules in the placing of employes.

My personal opinion is that palmstry is no worse than this method. Physical characteristics are an index only to physical requirements. You can't judge the mental ability of a person by the shape of his chin. nor his honesty by the color of his eyes or the lines on his hands. You can judge physical qualifications-

sometimes. For example, a famous efficiency expert in studying the stature of men with regard for their adaptability to certain physical work, said "Short men are usually the best shovelers where the shovelful need not be raised much in doing the work, such as in mixing mortar and concrete.

"On the other hand, when men are shoveling in a trench, the taller the man usually the more output per man. Much bending and stooping soon fatigues a tall man. Reaching for things beyond his height is tiresome to the short man." And so forth. This is common sense reasoning, within the range of anyone. But when you try to acquire the

x-ray eye-that is, the ability to see a person's mental possibilities or capabilities -- when you try to read his soul through his complexion-there is no recognized science that will help you. You might find a group of people with the same facial characteristics who showed the same mental tendencies, but that would not prove that the same condition held true of all people with these characteristics.

Just as there are almost no two people physically absolutely alike, so no two people with the same general physical characteristics

bear the same mental likenesses.

You have to depend on your

ly, but in the knowledge of human nature there are few easy methods and none that are perfect. HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

knowledge of a person's experi-

ence, personal history, the opinions

they express, the views of life they

hold for your judgment of their

characters. You may judge wrong-

A rusty grate can be cleaned with

little trouble if it be blackleaded and left for twenty-four hours, or even for a couple of days. The blacklead will absorb the rust, and the steel can then be polished in the ordinary way.

Do not throw away the vinegar left over from pickles; it is better than ordinary vinegar for salad

A new toothbrush should be soaked in cold water for ten or twelve hours before it is used.

A Quaint Island. Elmley, one of England's oddest

little islands, though only fortyeight miles from London, is a parish where roads, shops, lamps, telephones, motor cars, public houses, and postoffices are unknown. The island, which lies off the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, has an area of about two thousand acres. and is the property of Oxford University. The inhabitants are mostly shepherds of large flocks of sheeps, The oldest man of the village is in his seventieth year. He has yet to see a motor car. The school and church are the two chief landmarks on the island. The reason they were built in such a sparsely populated spot is that in winter it is almost impossible to leave the island, as the ferry which runs to and from the island is dangerous.

A novel method of obtaining the services of the ferrymen, who live opposite to the island, is the opening of the white door of a hut facing the shore, at night a lighted candle held aloft serves the purpose of the open door.

Full of Names. There was no sound but that of

the waves lap-lapping.

"You would find your name written across my heart could you but look!" sighed the man.

"Really!" murmured the fair maid, who was fully aware of the fact that the swain had been playing Romeo at the seaside for the past twenty years. "Then your hears must look like a local directory by this time!"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

By an Unexpected Bit of Strategy Three Spies Disguised as Street Sweepers Get Olivewood Box

he rue Soleil d'Or-a new street to Neeland, opened since his student days, and only one square long, with fountain in the middle and young chestnut trees already thickly crowned with foliage lining both sides of the street.

But although the rue Soleil d'Or was a new street to him, Paris construction is also a rapid affair. The street was faced by charming private houses built of gray Caen stone; the fountain with its golden sundial, with the seated figure-a life-size replica of Manship's original in the Metropolitan Museum-serenly and beautifully holding its place between the Renaissance facades and

rows of slender trees. Summer had not yet burned foliage or flowers; the freshness of spring itself seemed still to reign

Three blue-bloused street sweepers with hose and broom were washing the asphalt as their cab slowed down, sounding its horn to warn them out of the way. And, the spouting hose still in their hands, the street cleaners stepped out of the gutter before the pretty private hotel of Madame la Princesse.

Already a butler was opening the grille; already the chauffeur had swung Neeland's steamer trunk and suitcase to the sidewalk; already the Princess and Rue were advancing to the house, while Neeland fumbled in his pocket for the

An Unexpected Coup.

The butler, bowing, relieved him of the olive-wood box. At the same instant the blue-bloused man with the hose turned the powerful stream of water directly into the butler's face, knocking him flat on the sidewalk; and his two comrades tripped up Neeland, passed a red sash over his head, and hurled him aside, blinded, half strangled, staggering at random, tearing furiously at the wide band of woolen cloth which seemed to suffocate

Already the chauffeur had tossed the olive-wood box into the cab; the three- blue-bloused men sprang in after it; the chauffeur slipped into his seat, threw in the clutch, and, driving with one hand, turned a pistol on the half-drowned butler, who had reeled to his feet and was lurching forward to seize the

steering wheel. The taxicab, gathering speed, was already turning the corner of the rue de la Lune when Neeland managed to free throat and eyes

from the swathe of woolen. The butler, checked by the leveled pistol, stood dripping, still almost blinded by the force of the water from the hose; but he had plenty of pluck, and he followed Neeland on a run to the corner of the street

The street was absolutely empty, except for the sparrows, and the big, fat, slate-colored pigeons that strutted and coo-cooed under the shadow of the chestnut trees.

> CHAPTER XXVI. Rue Soleil D'Or.

Marlotte, the butler, in dry clothes, had served luncheon-a silent, respectable, self-respecting man, calm in his fury at the incredible outrage perpetrated upon his person.

And now luncheon was over; the Princess at the telephone in her boudoir; Rue in the music-room with Neeland, still excited, anxious, confused.

Astonishment, mortification, anger, had left Neeland silent; and the convention known as luncheon had not appealed to him.

But very little was said during that formality; and in the silence the serious nature of the episode which so suddenly had deprived the Princess of the olive-wood box and the papers it contained impressed Neeland more and more deeply.

The utter unexpectedness of the outrage-the helpless figure he had cut-infuriated him. And the more he reflected the madder he grew when he realizee that all he had gone through meant nothing nowthat every effort had been sterile, every hour wasted, every step he had taken from Brookhollow to Paris-to the very doorstep where his duty ended-had been taken in vain.

It seemed to him in his anger and humiliation that never had any man been so derided, so heartlessly mocked by the gods. And now, as he sat there, behind

lowered blinds in the lowered blinds in the cool halflight of the music room, he could feel the hot blood of resentment and chagrin in his cheeks.

"Nobody could have foreseen it." repeated Rue Carew in a pretty, wildered voice. "And if the Princess Naia had no suspicions, how could I harbor any-or how could

Should Have Been Careful.

"I've been sufficiently trickedor I thought I had been-to be on my guard. But it seems not. ought never to have been caught in such a disgusting trap-such a simple, silly, idiotic cage! Butgood Lord! How on earth was a man to suspect anything so-so naturally planned and executedso simly done. It was an infernal masterpiece, Rue. But-that is no consolation to a man who has been made to appear like a monkey!" The Princess, entering, overheard; and she seated herself and

looked tranquilly at Neeland as he resumed his place on the sofa.

"You were not to blame, Jim, she said. "It was my fault. I had warning enough at the railroad terminal when an accident to my car was reported to me by the control through you." She added, calmly: "There was no accident." "No accident?" exclaimed Nee-

None at all. My new footman, who followed us to the waiting salon for incoming trains, return-

land, astonished.

And now the taxicab turned into , ed to my chauffeur, Caron, saying that he was to go back to the garage and await orders. I have just called the garage and I had Caron on the wire. There was no accident; he has not been injured; and -the new footman has disap-

> "It was a clear case of treach ery?" exclaimed Nectand. "Absolutely a plot. The pretended official at the terminal control was an accomplice of my footman, of the taxicab driver, of the pretended street-clearers - and of whom else I can, perhaps, imagine." "Did you call the terminal con-

> "I did. The official in charge and the starter had seen no such accident; had given no such information. Some masquerader in uniform must have intercepted you, "I found him coming toward me

on the sidewalk not far from the klosque. He was, in uniform; I never dreamed he was not the genuine thing." "There is no blame attached

Caught Entirely Unaware. "Nalia, it actually stekens me to discover how little sense I possess. I've been through enough to drive both suspicion and caution into this wooden head of mine-"

"What have you been through, Jim?" asked the princess calmly. "I'll tell you. I didn't play a brilliant role, I'm sorry to admit. Not common sense but sheer luck pulled me through as far as your own doorstep. And there," he, added disgustedly, "the gods no doubt

they handed me what was coming to me." He was so thoroughly and so boyishly ashamed and angry with himself that a faint smile fitted

grew tired of such an idiot, and

over the Princess Natia's lips. "Proceed James," she said. "All right. Only first may I askwho is Ilse Dumont?" For a moment the princess sat stlent, expressionless, intent on the

man who clear, inquiring eyes still questioned her. The princess finally answered with a question: "Did she cause you any trouble,

"Every bit I had was due to her. Also-and here's a paradox-I shouldn't be here now if Ilse Dumont had not played square with me. Who is she?"

The Princess Naia did not reply immediately. Instead, she dropped one silken knee over the other. lighted a cigarette, and sat for a few moments gazing into space.

Beautiful and Talented Girl. "Tise Dumont," she said, "is a talented and exceedingly pretty young woman who was born in Alsace of one German and one

thoroughly Germanised parent. "She played two seasons in Chicago in light opera under another name. She had much talent, an acceptable voice and she became a local favorite."

The Princess looked at her cigarette; continued speaking as though addressing it: "She sang at the Opera Comique here in Paris the year before last and last year. Her roles were minor ones. Early this spring she ab-

management and went to New Neeland said bluntly: "Ilse Dumont is an agent in the service of the Turkish govern-

ruptly broke-her contract with the

The Princess nodded. "Did you know it, Naia?" "I began to suspect it recently."

The Princess glanced at Rue and

"Ruhannah's friend, Colonel Izzet Bey, was very devoted to Miana "To whom." exclaimed Neeland. astounded. "To Ilse Dumont. Minna Minti is

ier stage name,' said the Princess.

Rue, who conscious of his excite-

Neeland turned and looked at

ment. flushed brightly, yet never suspecting what he was about to The Princess said quietly: "Yes, tell her, Jim. It is better she should know. Until now it has not been necessary to mention the matter, or I should have done so." Rue, surprised, still prettily

with new curiosity from one to the Necland said: "lise Dumont, known on the stage as Minna Minti, is the di-

flushed with expectancy, looked

vorced wife of Eddie Brandes." Roused At Hearing Name. At the mention of a name so long hidden away, buried in her memory, and almost forgotten, the girl quivered and straightened up, as though an electric shock had pass-

ed through her body. Then a burning color flooded her face as at the swift stroke of a lash, and her grey eyes glimmered with the starting tears.

"You'll have to know it. darling." said the Princess in a low voice. There is no reason why you should not; it no longer can touch you. Don't you know that?"

"Y-yes-" Ruhnnah's slowly drooping head was lifted again; held high; and the wet brilliancy in her steady eyes. "Before I tell you," continued Neeland, "what happened to me through Ilse Dumont, I must tell you what occurred in the train on my way to Paris. . . May ! have a cigarette. Princess Naia." "At your elbow in that silver box."

Rue Carew lighted it for him with a smile, but her hand still trembled.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW